

## A CYCLONE'S WORK.

By LEONARD MALLOY.  
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Ralph Kirby, convict, having a good record, was ordered to work with a party outside the prison enclosure. Of course prison officials stood over the workmen with loaded rifles and revolvers, so escape was as difficult as when they were within the walls.

But something came up in comparison with which the rifles of the guards were but as popguns. Kirby looked up from his work and saw a black cloud coming that looked more terrible than the judge who years before had passed sentence upon him. It was a balloon shaped, the neck trailing on the ground. He glanced at the guards and saw that they were standing with their backs to the prison wall, with the cloud also behind them. He worked and said nothing, but a hope was rising and swelling in his breast.

It passed between him and his guards. Being forewarned, he threw himself flat on the ground and held on to a stout bush. When it had passed the guards were nowhere to be seen. There was method in what he did when he started to run in the wake of the storm. It was the only direction he could go to find possible safety. He ran a mile over a ruined strip of country, when he came to a small village that had been wrecked. Before a house that had been turned around and blown over on its side a man was lying on his back dead. Kirby noticed that the head had been disfigured beyond recognition. He was planning ahead, and his plans were made with lightning rapidity. He took the dead man's clothing for himself and put his stripes on the dead man. Then, taking up the body, he carried it to a distance from the wrecked village and threw it in a ditch to make it appear that it had been carried by the cyclone from the prison.

The storm had no sooner passed than parties were sent out to scour the country for those convicts who had escaped. But they were not the only persons moving about. Without the narrow belt traversed by the storm no one had been injured, and rescue parties were coming from all directions. Kirby, whose long confinement had brought ill health, had by this time used up all his strength. In the outskirts of the village a house had been reduced to a heap of kindling wood. Kirby decided to crawl in under the wreck. He had wormed himself in as far as possible when a rescue party came along and, seeing his boots, uncovered him. Feigning death, he lay on his back, but one of the party put his ear to the convict's head and heard it throbbing. Liqueur was poured down his throat, and he knew that his sham could not be kept up. Through partly closed lids he saw that no prison official was present, and he opened his eyes. He begged the party to leave him and go on to others who needed their attention. They were persuaded and did as he suggested.

Then came another party, and the convict, mistaking them for searchers from the prison, again feigned death. By this time it was dark, and his effort was more successful—almost too successful. They began to dig beside him, and when they had made a shallow grave they put him in and covered him with earth. He was about to cry out, when it occurred to him that they were not burying him deep and the earth above him would be loose. No sooner had the shovelfuls of clods ceased to pound him than he began to push them away for air.

Meanwhile all who could be spared from the prison were scouring the country far and wide. Judging that those who had escaped would attempt to hide in the track of the storm, they followed it, and one of them, Jim Mackin, came upon the body wearing Kirby's stripes. He identified it as Kirby by the clothes and concluded that there was a less prisoner to be recaptured. Being well armed, he pushed on alone. As the burying party were completing their work of covering Kirby, Mackin was approaching the grave, and they disappeared in the darkness just before he came up. Seeing something moving directly before him, Mackin threw a light from his lantern upon the spot just in time to strike the corpse-like face of Convict Kirby rising from the grave.

Prison officials are not likely to be easily rattled, but Mackin had a few minutes before seen the body of the convict, and the sight of the dead man's features confronting him in this fashion was too much for his nerves. Throwing down his gun and lantern, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

Kirby, kicking off the earth, arose from his grave, picked up the lantern and was hurrying away when he saw the light glister on metal and found the gun. This gave him courage. He could either appear to be hunting for bodies or convicts as he liked. He worked his way through the people scurrying about till he heard a distant locomotive whistle. A few minutes later he struck the rails and by the lights near by a station. Best of all, the locomotive headlight shone far down the road and was slowly growing brighter. Throwing away his gun and lantern, he ran for the station and reached it just as the train pulled out. Being without money and fearing the station would be watched, he darted under a car and clung to the bottom.

Ralph Kirby is now a sheep raiser in Australia. He has been hunted for, not to be again imprisoned, but to be informed that the man who committed the crime he was convicted of has confessed. He has passed a point where the information would not materially interest him.

## Sure Enough.

Brother Wagstaff (rumorously)—I won't what do fast plug was invented for?

Brother Sockett—Well, uh—good Lord, sah!—I haven't for plug hats, what would dem white taggions an' ginger preschers war on der heads?—Track.

## BAD KIDNEYS CAUSE OF BLADDER MISERY

Backache Vanishes and Your Out-of-order Kidneys Act Fine After First Few Doses.

No man or woman here whose kidneys are out of order, or who suffers from backache or bladder misery, can afford to leave Pape's Diuretic untried.

After taking several doses, all pains in the back, sides or joints, rheumatic twinges, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, inflamed or swollen eyelids, dizziness, tired or worn-out feeling and other symptoms of clogged, sluggish kidneys simply vanish.

Uncontrollable urination (especially at night), smarting, discolored water and all bladder misery ends.

The moment you suspect the slightest kidney or bladder disorder, or feel rheumatic pains, don't continue to be miserable or worried, but get a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic from your druggist and start taking as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which is so harmless or will effect so thorough and prompt a cure.

This unusual preparation goes direct to the cause of trouble, distributing its cleansing, healing and vitalizing influence directly upon the organs and glands affected and completes the cure before you realize it.

A few days' treatment of Pape's Diuretic means clean, healthy, active kidneys, bladder and urinary organs—and you feel fine.

Your physician, pharmacist, hanker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape of Cincinnati is a large and responsible medicine concern, thoroughly worthy of your confidence.

Accept only Pape's Diuretic—fifty-cent treatment—from any drug store—anywhere in the world.

## MASS FOR BISHOP MICHAUD.

Anniversary Observed by Rev. Jerome Cloarec and Other Priests.

Burlington, Dec. 23.—An anniversary mass was celebrated yesterday in St. Mary's Cathedral for the late Rt. Rev. Bishop John S. Michaud, Rev. Jerome M. Cloarec, the administrator of the diocese, being the celebrant, the other priests participating including Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan of St. Albans, deacon, Rev. J. F. Gillis of St. Mary's cathedral, mass of ceremonies. Thirty priests from all parts of the diocese were in attendance and chanted the Requiem mass together.

Rev. John Kennedy of Fair Haven, will be ordained to the priesthood by Rt. Rev. Thomas Burke, of the diocese of Albany, at Albany, on Friday. Rev. Kennedy completed his studies at the Grand seminary in Montreal. He will be assigned to the diocese of Burlington.

## A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Goursaud's Oriental Cream or Magical Skin-Softener.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth, Pimples, Blemishes, and every blemish on beauty, and makes the skin soft, smooth, and healthy. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so famous that it is properly made. Accept no imitation. Name, Dr. T. Felix Goursaud, is on the label. As you value your skin, use this cream. It is the best of all. YERD, T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Grant Jones Street, New York.

"Goursaud's Cream" is the most beautiful of all the good dress shoes for the money, \$1.50 to \$5.

Reduced prices on Men's Xmas Slippers, all sizes, many styles, now \$1.25 and \$1.40.

Rugged Working Shoes, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2 and \$2.50.

"FIZZI" brand of shoes is my leader for men. Cost and worth \$3.50 and \$4. Other good dress shoes for the money, \$1.50 to \$5.

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## ASSASSINS SLAY THREE

Russia, India and Corea Terrified

## BY ACTS OF MURDERERS

Korean Premier One Victim—Chief of St. Petersburg Police and Prominent British Magistrate the Others to Die.

A remarkable series of political assassinations of personages high in office in Russia, India and Corea, reported from widely separated points throughout the world.

In Seoul, Corea, the prime minister of the Korean cabinet was stabbed to death with a dagger, as an apparent result of the intense feeling in Corea against Japanese influence.

In St. Petersburg, the chief of the secret police, Colonel Karpoff, was blown to pieces by the explosion of a bomb, supposedly thrown by an anarchist. At Bombay, British India, the chief magistrate of Nasik, Arthur M. T. Jackson, was assassinated by a native for revenge and presumably as a part of the seditious movement against British official authority.

In each of the countries, the governing authority is menaced by a dangerous element directed against the existing regime.

## THE RUSSIAN CRIME.

Doomed Man Terribly Mutilated by Assassin's Bomb.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 23.—Colonel Karpoff, chief of the secret police of St. Petersburg, was assassinated early yesterday. He was enticed to a modest apartment in a remote street of the Vologda district and there was blown to pieces by a bomb, exploded supposedly by his host, one Michael Voskresensky, who had leased the rooms a few days before.

The murderer rushed into the street following the explosion and was captured.

An assistant of Karpoff, who accompanied him, was severely injured.

Karpoff was appointed from Baku, where he had been chief of the secret police. There have been several convictions of late months recently.

The assassination of Chief Karpoff was undoubtedly in furtherance of the plot against the secret police, which grew out of the revelations last January of some remarkable scandals in connection with the operations of the system.

The Russian revolutionary Socialists discovered that an unknown number of their members were agents of the secret police. Exposures, charges of disloyalty to the revolutionary cause and counter charges followed. Since then, the secret police have been the special objects of revolutionary hatred and assassinations.

Killed by a Native.

British Official Murdered by a Vengeful Indian.

Bombay, British India, Dec. 23.—Arthur Mason Tippetts Jackson, chief magistrate of Nasik, in the presidency of Bombay, was assassinated by a native while attending a theatrical performance Tuesday night.

The motive for the murder is supposed to have been a wish for revenge upon the magistrate, who had recently sentenced a criminal to life imprisonment.

Nasik is a hotbed of sedition.

Jackson had been in the British Indian service since 1888.

Will Increase Fear.

Death of Magistrate Jackson Will Add to Apprehension.

Whatever may have been the immediate motive for the assassination of Chief Magistrate Jackson the outrage cannot fail to increase the ever-present fear of an uprising against British rule in India.

Attempts have been made in India against the lives of Lord Minto, Lord Kitchener, Sir Andrew Fraser, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, and many other British officials.

In one notable instance, the purpose of the assassin was accomplished. Only last spring, Sir William Rutt Carron, Wyllie, who had recently held important Indian appointments, was murdered at the Imperial institute in London by an Indian student, who was subsequently hanged.

Dr. Cawas Lalacook, a physician of Shanghai, who was visiting in London, was also killed during the fusillade of shots, though his death may not have been intended originally.

Does It Mean War?

Russia Sends 50,000 Troops to Manchurian Frontier.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 23.—The official statements that have been issued on the subject do not allay the persistent rumors of impending trouble with Japan.

It was reported yesterday that the government will immediately move 50,000 troops from Irkutsk to the Manchurian frontier.

The statement is causing alarm.

Menelik Still Lives.

His Condition, However, is Very Grave.

Addis Ababa, Abyssinia, Dec. 23.—The Ethiopian government yesterday gave official assurance that King Menelik still lives though his condition is grave.

Some Social Problems.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—What is the proper hour for a young man to leave when calling on a co-ed? What details of chaperonage should women deans follow in piloting their girl charges through the social shoals? What attitude shall the girls take toward students who drink and smoke in public places? These and similar social code questions caused a clash at the fourth biennial conference of the deans of women's state universities Tuesday. They were expected to close their meeting late in the afternoon, but the scheme over the problems of social civility caused an adjournment to yesterday.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Syrup of Figs is a natural habit-forming remedy which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts and right living generally.

To get beneficial effects always buy the genuine, CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

PURITAN NOT AN IDEAL MAN.

Justice Stafford of Washington Orator at New England Society Dinner.

New York, Dec. 23.—The New England society of Brooklyn heard the chief orator at its annual banquet Tuesday night portray the Puritan as an imperfect man. In the absence of Senator William H. Borah of Idaho, Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford of the supreme court of the District of Columbia delivered the leading address. "The Puritan," he said, "was not an ideal man. The ideal man is charmed with love and beauty and truth. The Puritan was blind to beauty, and we never think of him as a devotee of charity. He was a fearless servant of truth, but there was nothing new in his belief. His distinction lies in the fact that he acted on it."

He declared that such Americans as are advising us to bolster up the powers of the federal government in violation of the constitution are unfaithful to the Puritan ideal of truthfulness. "It is proposed," said he, "to transfer to the central government certain powers which are expressly reserved to the states, and when the question is asked as to the manner in which the transfer will be accomplished, we have the answer, 'Constitutions will be found.'"

"When we learn that constitutions will be found by the prevailing party elsewhere than in the text of the constitution itself, that means that there is no end of governmental powers which may be added to those already enjoyed by the federal government. I am not raising the question as to the inadvisability of amending the constitution. I am raising the question as to how changes shall be accomplished."

"A debaser of words is guiltier than he who debases the coinage. If changes are read into the constitution through perverse interpretations of its text, the manipulator is more reprehensible than the trifter with the coinage."

Fish Leaves Harvard.

Will Return to Cambridge in June to Receive Degree.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 23.—Hamilton Fish, late captain of the Harvard football team, who returned to Cambridge on Monday, after a two weeks' absence following the senior class election, left for New York yesterday to become private secretary to his father, Governor Fish. He has completed his course in college and will return here in June to receive his degree.

Fish stated yesterday that he had decided upon this action nearly two months ago, and denied that the result of the class election, in which he was defeated for first marshal at the class day exercises, had any bearing upon his leaving college.

Four Dead.

Jealous Husband Kills Wife, Two Others and Himself.

London, Ky., Dec. 23.—William Murray shot and killed Dolbert Cole, his wife, Lizzie Murray, his mother-in-law, Melinda Chestnut, and himself near here yesterday afternoon, and to escape death. Thomas Ross ran through a window glass and so seriously cut himself that he is thought to be in a serious condition.

The tragedy was committed by Murray as a result of his jealousy of his wife and the young man Cole, one of the victims. Murray and his wife had been separated for several weeks over her alleged intimacy with Cole.

Longest Trestle Completed.

Five and a Half Miles Across Albemarle Sound.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 23.—The Norfolk & Southern railway's \$1,000,000 five-and-a-half-mile trestle bridge across Albemarle sound, North Carolina, the longest of its kind in the world, has been completed and the first train will cross it this week.

Two Indictments Found.

New York, Dec. 23.—The grand jury yesterday afternoon found two indictments against the three Wardlaw sisters, charging them with having caused the death of young Mrs. Oeey W. M. Sneed.

Magazine Review.

A Little Social Affair.

A woman, dirty and disheveled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies, he asked: "Dog bite you?"

"No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Every Little Bit Helps.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—Yes, about woodpeckers," he said.—Everybody's Magazine.

Candied Orange Peel.

Carefully remove all of the peel from four thin-skinned oranges in quarters. Cover with cold water, bring gradually to the boiling point and let simmer until soft. Drain and remove all white portion by scraping with a spoon. Cut yellow portion in thin strips, using the scissors. Boil one cupful of sugar and one-half of a cupful of water until syrup will thread—when dropped from tip of spoon. Cook strips in syrup five minutes, drain, and roll in the granulated sugar.—Woman's Home Companion for December.

Weights a Loaded Ship's Cargo.

Porphyrometer is the name of an Italian invention, the purpose of which is to determine the weight of a ship's cargo in the hold while the vessel is lying at her moorings. The instrument in its application converts the vessel for the time being into a huge weighbridge, and its results are such as to be within one-hundredth part of absolute accuracy.

The instrument is based upon the principle that a body floating in a liquid, irrespective of the density of the latter, will displace a quantity of that liquid exactly equal to its own weight. The weighing part of the apparatus or steel yard is similar to that used in ordinary weigh-bridges. This part of the apparatus is connected to a float, which is immersed in a chamber or cylindrical receptacle filled with water. This chamber being in communication with the outside of the ship by means of a small tube extending through the bottom of the vessel. The aneroid chamber is placed in the center of the vessel in a vertical line with the keel. As the vessel rises or sinks into the water according to whether the cargo is removed or taken on board, the level of the water in the float-chamber consequently rises or falls and the float itself is accordingly immersed to a lesser or greater depth in the liquid. This brings about an apparent alteration in its weight, and this alteration is read on the steel-yard. Consequently, it is possible to determine with very great exactitude the weight of the cargo removed or loaded into a vessel.—Technical World Magazine.

The Round of Life.

A Christmas Musing of Man-Alive, by Richard Wightman in Success Magazine.

To lift, athirst, the brimming glass of life and drain it, deep and all, with smack of smiling lip and slap of knee;

To bend above the stream of trade and wrest from it my gold, clean-handed, zealously, as one who takes equivalents—not more—for what he gives;

To hear, attuned, the silent cry of those who lack, dividing food and fagots and the couraged word;

To look well to my sowing, knowing sure that each small seed, by law immutable, begets its kind—and multiplied at that;

To shrive my woman high and touch her cheek with prayer as well as passion;

To find within the eyes of children that fine light which guides the man to simpler ways again and nestles him within the arms of this old world's vast motherhood;

To search for peace within the lily-bell or 'neath the verdant moor by forest ways, and, searching, find a fuller peace than e'er was dreamed or guessed;

To hail my friend with frankness—palm to palm and eye to eye, with merge of heart and hope until we train are one and gianted for battle;

To think things out in my own way and blast a doctrine, when it bars my path, with rev'rent ruthlessness;

To take my God wherever I may find Him—in the meetinghouse or in the meadow, or where the flowers cleave the crests and fling their foam afar;

To know that Jesus lived for me to show me how to live, and died for me to show me how to die, should they assail my truth as they did His;

To hold that love is lawful, all of it, or else it be not love, but something less;

That, since, seems good to me and right and fair, and be the grace of each day's sun and verge of starry nights, I'll face my years with glee as one who dies not, but who lives always.

Pa Flickinger Aims Some Novel Views on Dictionaries.

"Don't say 'at, m'—it's just as easy to say 'aaten!'"

"My stars! What next?" glared Mr. "I learned to talk, Opal, afore you was born. Is it likely I'll change at this late day?"

"If Opal's goin' to be a school teacher, mebbe she wants summat to practice on," grinned her father.

"Oh, pa, you mustn't say 'summat!—It isn't a word," remonstrated his daughter.

"Ain't a word!" shouted her father, with increasing excitement. "Well, heathen! How do you know it ain't a word?"

"It isn't in the dictionary," said Opal. "Shucks," disparaged pa, "what's the dictionary got to do with it! The words that git into the dictionary ain't common talkin